



ALCESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL RECORD.

PRICE—SIXPENCE - - - - - - EVERY TERM.

ALCESTER,
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ALCESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL RECORD.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Thomas Henry Gostling came to A.G.S. in September, 1912. He had already been a scholar at the Redditch Secondary School for several years, and brought with him from there an excellent reputation as a student, which was fully maintained.

He became senior prefect, and in that position was of great service to the School, his good humour, evenness of temper and reliability, gaining for him the respect and affection of all.

In July, 1914, he obtained 2nd Class Honours at the Cambridge Senior Local Examination, with distinction in History.

He was a good athlete, played in both cricket and football elevens, being captain of the latter, was Sports Champion in 1914, and was the first captain of the Tom Tits.

It was his intention to become a teacher, but he had hardly commenced his training when war broke

out and he joined the Royal Warwicks in the Autumn of 1914. With such an excellent school record behind him he might well have obtained a commission, but he preferred at first to serve in the ranks.

After several years in France, during which he experienced all the perils and hardships of war, he came back to England and obtained his commission. As a second lieutenant he saw more service abroad, was wounded and invalided home, and then shortly after his recovery, came Armistice Day and the close of the war.

His safe return after so extended a period of active service was a matter of the greatest satisfaction to his friends, and it was a severe shock to all of us when, at the end of July, the news came that he had died at Gloucester after a very short illness.

He leaves behind him in this School a memory which may well be emulated by those who follow.

REMEMBRANCE.

When I remember all the grief and pain
That England suffered through the last four
years ;
My thoughts unconsciously revert again
To those who fought that they might calm our
fears.
In that dread time what sacrifice supreme
Was made on many a dismal foreign field !
These lives surrendered were with hope serene,
That in the end the tyrant cause would yield.
Though now rejoicing in a peaceful time,
And thankful in your heart for base Might's fall,
O England, ne'er forget the men sublime
Who willingly for you gave up their all.

R.H.M.

THE GREAT SILENCE.

One long year had passed away, and our thoughts turned back to the day a year ago, when every ear was strained to hear the welcome pealing of the bells, the hooting of the sirens, which would announce to the anxious multitudes that the Great War had ceased. The time had come again, the eleventh hour, the eleventh day, of the eleventh month, when the pride of Germany was humbled. How could we commemorate it. The King had said, let there be silence for the brief space of two minutes. Could we not afford this short period from our work and play to mourn and rejoice ; mourn for our departed friends and rejoice as we thought of the peace which the signing of the Armistice had brought to us. We could ; and in every town and hamlet, large and small, all work ceased and a great silence reigned ; a silence of which the like has never been known, and never will be known except on the anniversary of this great triumph of good over evil. For two minutes our minds centred on the horrors of the war, on the devastated fields of France and Belgium, where lie millions of our best and bravest. Then the bells began to peal again and the land awoke to life once more ; each one resuming his allotted task with heart throbbing with pride and thankfulness, after having paid his silent tribute to our Glorious Dead.

A GREAT PICTURE.

One of my favourite pictures is that of the great Napoleon Bonaparte, when he is portrayed standing on the deck of the ship which was carrying him to his gloomy imprisonment on St. Helena.

The setting of the picture is dull and colourless. The deck of the ship is shown, and on it stands Napoleon, moody and pensive. On his head he wears his little cocked hat, and his body is enveloped in a long coat of grey, in which he was wont to ride to victory, and in which he is now dressed as the ship carries him far away from the land of his dreams and glory.

In studying the picture, one sees again the small, almost dwarfish figure, the round head, the massive brow, the olive cheek, broad, energetic-looking shoulders of this man, the greatest general the world has ever known. Anew one notices his small and delicate hands, the fine and graceful curves of the nose and mouth and the martial bearing of his figure. Napoleon is most often imagined with a flash of fire in his eyes of lustrous grey, but now we see him standing all alone and friendless, his eyes expressing impenetrable contemplation.

Napoleon's great and glorious career has ended. His dreams of world power for himself and France are quickly passing away. Even his own audacious and hopeful spirit has received a cruel blow. As he stands, pensive and melancholy, upon the ship's deck, with the leaden sky above him, and the cold relentless waves surging around him, we see visions of the still greater tragedy which followed. That such a brilliant general and strategist, such a never-tiring genius as Napoleon should at last be checked ; that his fertile, restless brain should at last have led him to defeat and bitter humiliation ; all this cannot fail to awaken our sympathy for the man, but we know what followed in his six years of misery and loneliness on St. Helena, and as we look at his picture as he stands before us, we are reminded of that famous line of Gray's : "The path of glory leads but to the grave."

No better words can be found to describe the feelings and situation of the vanquished Napoleon as he broods over his failures, his glories, and his chances of again recovering his power, than his own, spoken to Las Cases afterwards, when he was on St. Helena : "Our situation here may even have its attractions ; the universe is looking at us, we

remain the martyrs of an immortal cause. Millions of men weep for us, and glory is in mourning. Adversity was wanting to my career. If I had died on the throne amidst the clouds of my omnipotence, I should have remained a problem to many men. Today, thanks to my misfortune, they can judge of me naked as I am."

R.H.M.

ON LOOKING DOWN UPON ROME.

Evening, November, 1919.

The drowsy sun has dropped its golden head
Behind St. Peter's dome; across the sky
Of palest green its scattered tresses lie.
O'er Rome a calm, majestic deep is spread.
Domes, obelisks and temples of the dead
Are dusky shapes, and through the haze on high
The Eternal City seems once more to vie
With all its great past, when it conquered
The pagan, then the Christian world, for there
The Pantheon lies, St. Peter's here I see,
But then as tho' to mock my dream so rare
Of Cæsars, Popes, of ancient history,
A thousand lights flash, organs fill the air
With "popular" English songs—this modern
Italy.

M.A.

ALCESTER HEATH ROAD.

Roads have varying moods, as do the sky, and running water, and ourselves. I speak at least, of those roads that are yet unspoilt, that are allowed to go on their own way, now winding in leisurely fashion up a long hill, now hurrying down the steep slope to where a brook laughingly checks their progress for a moment. So they pass, in sunshine and leafy shade, from one clustered village to another, in 'linked sweetness long drawn out.' Of a different species, indeed, is that enslaved road—the street, which, pent between harsh walls, groans under the burden of ceaseless heavy traffic.

The road which I love best of any, partly because I know it so intimately, is a hilly stretch, desolate and stone-strewn. Every day I find in it something fresh; it varies with infinite delicate shades from the still happiness of hot summertime, to the passion and stormy grandeur of winter.

Sometimes the sky is grey, the drooping trees are cold and sorrowful, and the wind croons a dirge-like melody. The road broods then over memories of the far-a-way times when Alauna knew an alien power, or when shadowy slinking forms of strange creatures, grey-chequered by moonlight, passed stealthily through tangled dim undergrowth, pursuing or pursued by some uncouth fur-clad man. In those days, it was a narrow slip of a pathway, this road that is now broad and old; and it wandered amongst forest mazes, where now the ploughed soil glistens, and the green-swelling meadows lie open to the sky on either hand. Yet there lingers still along it something of a wild untamed nature: and therein lies its peculiar charm. I can never determine whether this is felt through its actual character—its irregularity, its broken steep falls through walls of tall blossoming gorse and bracken, and straggling thornbushes, like some rushing torrent hemmed in by rocky banks—or whether it is due to the mystic influence of invisible forces of the past. Perhaps it is that the wraith of Romance lingers there; or that the shadowy ghost of some adventure which might once have befallen a lonely traveller, lays its spell upon me, until I too am thrillingly expectant of strange possibilities.

But, at times, all the vague suggestiveness of what has been seen and done on its winding length, lifts like a mist from the roadway. It is morning; the past is no more, gone with the shadows of the night. Fair and fresh lies the white road before me, a new-born breeze rushes at my side and pelts me with rich-tinted leaves. Can this be autumn, time of decay? Can this be the familiar road along which I have passed a thousand times? This radiance of light, this riot of colour, are unearthly; it is a supernatural world I have entered, where all things are made new. The swaying road is unsullied yet by traveller. I am the first to journey upon it: whither does it lead? Faster, faster, I fly along: what mysteries may the new world not hold? The wind shrieks behind me incoherently—it sinks to an articulate whisper at my ear.

Ah, now I hear, now I know that this is no new, but the known world.

For the voice of the wind tells me, as it has ever told me—

"O Child, all things are old but thee; and of thyself thou findest novelty."

M.F.

THE WINTER MIGRANTS OF WARWICKSHIRE.

We have three chief winter visitors in Warwickshire, the fieldfare, the redwing and the brambling. I think most people know the fieldfares, as they may be often observed on a winter's day, flying overhead in a large flock; but comparatively few people are aware that they are not our only winter migrants.

The fieldfares come from Scandinavia in October. They never settle down in one district, but throughout the winter they rove over the country in large flocks uttering harsh "yak-yaks." To me that cry seems to speak of snow-covered fields and leafless trees.

As a rule fieldfares live on insects and worms, but when the ground becomes too hard to permit of their finding this kind of food they fall back on berries. Last year the fieldfares took a fancy to some bushes which were covered with haws, they stayed there for two days, and at the end of that time there was not a berry left.

The redwings closely resemble the fieldfares in appearance, the chief difference lying in a small patch of red which the redwings have under their wings, from which they take their name. The redwings come from Scandinavia too. They are much more stable in their habits than the fieldfares, for they often return to the same surroundings year after year, and remain there until they return to their breeding land.

When a flock of fieldfares arrives in a district the redwings at once attach themselves to it for the time that that flock remains in the district. During very long frosts many redwings perish as they will not eat berries as the fieldfares do.

The brambling is much smaller than the redwing and the fieldfare for he is a finch, while the other two belong to the thrush family. He comes from the beech woods near the Arctic circle, at the extreme limit of forest growth.

I have had the good fortune to see my first brambling—a female—this year. She was among a mixed flock of chaffinches, greenfinches, sparrows and yellow-hammers. A good place to see bramblings would be on Edge Hill, near Kineton, where there are extensive Beech Woods. Here one should see flocks of bramblings feeding on the beechmast which is their favourite food.

The fieldfare and redwing somewhat resemble our song thrush, both having the speckled breast which is so familiar to us all. The brambling is more like the chaffinch than any other Warwickshire bird, but the plumage of the male is more beautiful than that of his English cousin.

I think the reason of the unfamiliarity of the redwing and brambling is, that they usually live with a flock of other birds and consequently often pass unnoticed.

Another bird which visits Warwickshire during the winter is the snipe, but he is usually only a migrant from his breeding grounds in other parts of this country and is not a foreign visitor.

"JUMPERITIS."

Oh! I was absolutely eaten up with envy. So and so was wearing a scrumptious jumper—she knitted it herself. It was pale grey bordered with brushed up baby-pink. I decided there and then I must have one. Then came the choosing of the colours—an awful business! Of course grey and pink were out of the question, it would have been copying to have that particular combination however delightful. Blue and gold—too pale, scarlet—no, my hair, navy—far too dull—Jumpers have to be brilliant. For two days I existed in this delightful state of uncertainty. In the end I favoured forget-me-not blue and the palest of greens. I enthusiastically commenced to "set-on." "Purl—plain—plain—purl—do shut up, can't you see that I'm counting!" I actually finished half of it in two days—then it began to drag. When first I started it I used to pick it up at every opportunity. But, when I got halfway through, rare and rarer still grew the intervals of feverish knitting. I never knew my arms were so long and I am perfectly certain the back of the wretched thing was yards longer than the front! My eyes ached at the sight of it. Then on a happy day I discovered I had only six inches more to do! Needless to say it was finished in no time. I brushed vigorously away at the blue—disregarding blistered fingers and aching arms—till it looked like a blue mist standing out on its field of green. I wore it at the first opportunity and, I believe, looked quite charming. Excuse modesty! The blue just matched my eyes—which by the way are green.

Six times I wore that disgusting garment. It

was so prickly, and so hot! On studying myself in the mirror I found the blue only showed up more vividly the green of my eyes, also that green was peculiarly uncomplimentary to my complexion. I detest jumpers—beastly, uncomfortable, deceiving things! And so horribly common too!

M.B.

WE'LL REMEMBER, WE'LL REMEMBER.

(Being a slight expression of the jubilation felt by the Sixth upon their removal to a new warm, classroom. With apologies to T. Hood).

We'll remember, we'll remember,
The room where we were bored,
The little window whence we watched
The rain that often poured:
It poured upon our luckless heads,
Or, with the window closed,
The atmospheric stuffiness
Was such, we nearly dozed.
We'll remember, we'll remember,
The hamper, long and wide,
Whose creaky bulk, o'erhung with rugs,
One of us did bestride;
The stove, with baleful eye a-gleam
Round which we sat and shook;
The icy wind that eddied round
In ev'ry empty nook.
We'll remember, we'll remember
The sympathy we got
From members of the staff, who said
That teach us THERE they'd not.
It was a natural sentiment,
But now they come with joy,
For neither draughts nor asphyxy
Our comfort may destroy.

M.F.

A "NOW" DESCRIPTION OF A COLD DAY.

(After Leigh Hunt).

Now I sit up in bed and having vigorously rubbed my eyes, put one foot out on the carpet. Now I discover that it is a very very frosty morning and I pull my foot back into bed in the most unseemly

haste. Now the ringing of the Catholic bell warns me it is twenty minutes to eight. Now I implore my sister to come and pull me out of bed, and when I am safely landed on the floor matters proceed with a rush. Now I gobble up my breakfast and rush off to School. Now various shouts from the playground tell me that every girl is sliding from one end of the playground to the other. Now I rush out, and in a minute, I also become one of that moving throng of girls. Now, after I have had about a dozen slides, I sadly turn toward the cloak-room door for I have at least half my home work waiting to be done. Now I linger near the window with my open French book in my hand wishing that I might throw it to the other end of the earth. Now we go into class and I am cross and envious of the other girls who do not seem to be half as cold as I am. Now we come out of school and the walk home is cold and dismal. Now a very stately looking old gentleman in a silk hat flops down on the pavement in a most undignified manner, and when he gets up he clings tightly to a lamp post, at the same time wrathfully eyeing two small urchins who seem to be highly enjoying the joke. Now I go back to school, for after all my efforts to learn my French I have got half-an-hour's detention. Now I go home and scramble through my home work before tea. Now after my tea is finished, I pull my chair as close to the fire as I can possibly get it, and read and toast my feet for the rest of the evening.

E.W.

THE DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL.

In a pleasant wood on the western side of a ridge of mountains, there lived a squirrel, who had passed two or three years of his life very happily.

At last he began to grow discontented and one day said to himself, "Must I spend all my time in this place, running up and down the same trees, gathering nuts and acorns, and dozing away months together in a hole! I see a great many birds who inhabit this wood, fly away to a distance, and when winter approaches set out for some foreign land, where, all the year round they enjoy summer weather.

My neighbour the cuckoo tells me he is going soon, and even little nightingale will soon follow. I have not wings like them, but I have nimble legs,

and if one does not use them, one might as well be a cricket or a dormouse.

I daresay I could reach that ridge of mountains which I see from the tops of trees, its looks a fine place for the sun comes directly from it every morning, and it often appears all covered with red and yellow.

There can be no harm in trying, for if I don't like it I can come back. I will set out to-morrow morning providing it is a nice day.

On awakening in the morning, squirrel prudently gathered together nuts and acorns lest he should be hungry on his way there, and taking as many as he could carry, began his journey in high spirits.

He presently got to the outside of the wood and entered upon the open moors that reached to the foot of the hills.

These he crossed before the sun had risen high, and having eaten his breakfast with a big appetite he began to ascend. It was toilsome work but squirrel was used to climbing so for awhile everything went well.

The sun had now risen high, and for a time squirrel basked in its beams. On reaching the summit of a cliff, he viewed with scorn his home the wood, where he had been born and bred. He soon began to feel tired, but after a little rest, he set out again though not so briskly as before.

Presently a storm of mingled snow and hail came down, driven by a violent wind, which pelted poor squirrel pitifully. He crept into shelter, and there remained all night shivering with cold and famished with hunger, as all his provisions were spent.

The morning broke, and squirrel half frozen, came out of his lodging, and advanced slowly towards the brow of the hill that he might discover which way to take.

As he was slowly creeping along, a hungry kite, soaring above in the air, espied him, and carried him off in its talons.

Poor squirrel, losing his senses with fright, was borne away with great rapidity, but an eagle, who had seen the kite seize its prey, pursued her in order to take it from her.

The kite received such a buffeting as caused her to drop squirrel, and on coming to his senses he found himself in the very wood in which he had been born.

"Never again will I leave home or wish for a better place," said he, and I think he will keep his word.

D.B.

SCHOOL'S DIARY FOR THE SEASONS.

SPRING.—

The whole school is vibrating with life and excitement. The 'swots' poke their heads deeper into their books, thinking with dread of the coming lazy summer months and the 'Senior.' The 'sports' sport and enjoy life to the full with all the newborn youth which spring has given them.

SUMMER.—

The sun beats down unmercifully on the shrivelled up 'courts' and on the playing field where energetic players wield bat and racket. Those less inclined for violent physical exertion lie about in the scanty shade afforded by the old elm tree. Homework is a frightful bore—'some' adventurous beings driven by heat and the evil one venture over the wall to paddle in a delightfully cool and shady but forbidden stream. Needless to say they suffer the consequences of their misdeed to which we apply 'rule thirteen.'

AUTUMN.—

All back again, full of fun, game for anything—football, hockey, whatever it may be! Some, the bright specks, have 'moved up.' The rest have done what the only other alternative demands, 'stayed down.' Others have left the old A.G.S. for ever and gone out into the great unknown. For these we feel occasional pangs of regret, but gradually they are forgotten in excitements and new friends found in 'new kids.'

WINTER.—

Oh! jolly, jolly winter! One day the world is robed in white. Snowballs, broken windows, &c. All are important. Another day the water which, quite accidentally, found its way on to the playground is obligingly frozen. Dancing acts as compensation for wet evenings. Winter is by far the jolliest and most exciting time of the whole year.

M.B.

THE SIXTH.

Of all the forms which in the school there be
 By far the most itinerant are we,
 Two months and more have we endured our doom,
 Wand'ring from spacious hall to cramping room.
 No matter what the weather be or the day,
 You must have seen us wending on our way.
 Now we will introduce ourselves to you
 (Each undertakes one of the four to do).
 Severe and always studious of mien,
 Behold E.G., of species anserine,
 In person she is spare and rather tall,
 Her nose (not snub)! retroussé, you may call.
 Now see E.B., as thundering in and out,
 He interrupts our studies with his shout,
 His grace is of the elephantine kind,
 Muscle counts more with him than powers of mind.
 Though Robins oft we find upon a tree,
 Here's one that on a chair swats history;
 His earnest, blue and penetrating eye
 Probes mysteries of how and when and why.
 With hair of gold (?) and pink-and-freckled skin,
 Her person plump—you could not call it thin—
 M.F. is of a stately, regal port,
 But on the field she just delights in sport.
 Our salient points now having thus disclosed,
 Our semblances so neatly diagnosed,
 Whether in action or in reverie,
 We hope you see us as ourselves we see.

CHRISTMAS REGRETS.

Christmas 1919 is at hand, and, with the picture of gladness and jollity it always presents before our minds, there perhaps comes to us who are no longer children a hint of sadness and of regret.

For Christmas is essentially the childrens season. It is never the same to a grown-up as to a child, because we have lost our belief in the beautiful illusions surrounding it. Santa Claus is such a real person to us as children. Other fairies, though wonderful, do not take quite the same place in our hearts. How we loved that dear old figure with his round genial face, long white beard, and scarlet snow-covered coat! With what breathless anticipation we hung up a small sock or stocking on Christmas Eve vainly endeavouring to keep awake to see it filled!

We were too young or had too much faith to wonder why Father Christmas was not more socialistically inclined. Of course, we were sorry for that poor little ragged boy who had found nothing in his stocking, but we did not blame Santa Claus. The boy had forgotten to write a letter, we said to ourselves, or the tiny garret where he lived had been accidentally missed. Nor were we envious of the little rich child who had had such an abundance of toys. We accepted everything in good faith.

Of course the modern child will smile superciliously to think we were such greenhorns as to believe in all this; but then I, on the other hand, could weep for the poor little sceptic who is missing the greatest joy of Christmas through his unbelief.

And you who are faithless, oh please do not spread your unbelief! I found a little girl of nine almost in tears the other day because an older child had shattered her belief in Christmas. I felt so angry with that older child. Her little friend will find just such a bulky stocking on Christmas morning perhaps, but I wonder if that smiling faced doll or that beautiful book will seem as wonderful to her knowing that they did not come from the mysterious bag of Father Christmas.

Yes it is certainly saddening to have lost ones childish beliefs and, even if as we get older, the deeper meaning of Christmas is more fully realised by us, nevertheless we may perhaps be forgiven as Christmas draws near for feelings of regret.

AN OLD SCHOLAR

"GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE.

"Government of the people, by the people, and for the people"—here in a few words Abraham Lincoln has summed up for us the very essence of Democracy. In a democratic government power is vested in the people or their representative and it follows naturally that the government of the people, by the people should be carried out for the people—that is for their good.

"Government of the people"—it is obvious that this must exist. Man has by no means attained to that ideal state of perfection when no government is needed; when everything and everybody work together in perfect unison without the necessity for

any common law or authority. In this world of human imperfection, laws must be made. Man must be governed. Peace and order must be maintained. Without some form of government all would be chaos. Government, however, must not aim at the good of only a section of the people. It must not altogether be carried on in the interests of the majority—those of the minority should not be altogether neglected, for government is not only for the many, it is for all. This is the true ideal of government; the ideal of government for all. To achieve this is the function of the government: hence there must be “government of the people.”

“Government by the people”—this is the second essential of true Democracy. If man must be governed, by whom should he be governed? The people, themselves, constitute by far the greater and more important part of a nation. Who should know better than the people themselves what they need? All men cannot now assemble to discuss the affairs of the realm; the days of the Folk Moot have long since gone by. Nations are now too large for all the people to assemble together. Even were this possible—that is even if the numbers were not so unwieldy—kingdoms and realms are now so extensive that the distance would render such an assembly impossible. Again, now when state affairs occupy so much more attention than in olden times, and now in this age of bustle and hurry, few men would be able to spare the time to attend such national meetings. Thus the custom has arisen of electing representatives to attend the councils of the nation. These representatives form our modern Parliament and as such administer to the needs of the nation. Our government, however, is not only a central one, other representatives are elected to parish, town, borough, district and county councils. Thus we have both central and local government. Hence in a democratic government we find that government is carried out by the people or through the representatives of the people.

“Government for the people”—this is the aim of all government, that it should be for the good of the people. Government ought to bring peace and happiness to the people. It exists for the preservation of their safety and the promotion of their welfare. It is for the people. Government should not pursue merely the good of the few, it should pursue that of the many—that of all. It is the people who throughout history have always formed the back-bone of a nation; it is the people who form

the larger part of the nation: hence government should be for the people.

“Government of the people, by the people, and for the people” is the watchword of Democracy. No more autocrats! No more despots: No more oligarchical governments! No more aristocratic governments! The people have asserted their right to govern; Demos must rule.

Gradually throughout history the people have asserted and maintained their rights. In England we have an example of a democratic monarchy; France and the United States of America are typical examples of republics. These rights of the people have been won in different ways. Sometimes measures such as Magna Carta have helped towards the victory; sometimes the people have been obliged to have recourse to stouter measures—even revolutions as the French Revolution and the War of American Independence. In all this, however, we see the people standing up for their rights and privileges.

Thus if a government is to bring peace and content to a nation; if it is to rest on the firm basis of popular support, we must no longer look to a strong king who will rule despotically, nor to an aristocracy either of wealth, power, or even learning, but to a democratic form of government. In these times we look to democracy for the best. For us the highest form of government is “government of the people, by the people, and for the people.” In our zeal we must not, however, forget the responsibilities imposed upon us as members of the community. It is not enough that the people should govern, they must learn to realise and appreciate the burdens accompanying their privileges. “Each for all and all for each” must be the motto of the true democracy.

E.F.G.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

This term we welcome Miss Watts to our large family, she endeavours to increase our musical ability and instructs the Juniors in the elements of the French language.

A valuable piece of information indeed! A member of IV A informs us that Robin Hood was “a man!”

The band is steadily progressing, but there are not enough players for the flutes. Volunteers are needed to make the band stronger; I am sure the boys cannot realise what they are missing; a musical instrument can be learnt for nothing. Mr. Lester has taken great pains with the band, and all the boys are greatly indebted to him.

HOCKEY.

This season we have once more started a school hockey team, not having played matches for several years. We did hope at the beginning of the term to do wonders, but unfortunately, owing to the weather, very little talent has been displayed. A match was arranged against Evesham Grammar School for October 25th, at Evesham. However, disappointment was in store for us even from this first fixture; rain persisted in falling until the match had to be scratched. Then, most annoying of all, on Saturday the sun shone forth in all its splendour. The next match was fixed for November 15th against Chipping Campden. Once again the fates were averse! Snow commenced to fall a day or two before our fixture, and enough came to cover the field and make it unfit for playing. A match against Redditch Secondary School was arranged for November 29th. This time everyone was hopeful and full of joy, for the weather was quite fine until early Saturday morning. Snow then came silently down, blighting all our hopes. Consequently no match has yet been played, although we have had quite a lot of practice. There is only one more match fixed for this term; that is the Old Scholars on December 6th. We

are anxiously looking forward to this last fixture, and hoping that we might show some form, that our old scholars may not think that the present school team is one to be despised.

House matches played this term:—

Jackals v. Brownies	0—4.
Tomtits v. Jackals	3—4.

FOOTBALL.

So far this season the school football team has not been so successful as in previous years. This no doubt is owing to the loss of the boys who left school last term, and to the lightness of the present team as a whole. The results of the matches played to date are as follows:

HOME.

Opponents.	Score.	
	For.	Agst.
Evesham P.H.G.S. ...	4	0
Lt. Hodgkinson's XI. ...	2	2
Old Boys ...	1	6
Redditch S.S. ...	1	3

AWAY.

Opponents.	Score.	
	For.	Agst.
Redditch S.S. ...	1	4

The following boys have represented the school on the field of play this season:—Bunting i, Bunting ii, Bunting iii, Finnemore i, Bettridge, Sisam, Wilson i, Anker ii, Mander i, Walker, Hewitt, Jones, Hall and Holder.

R.H.M.